Love Me Mercilessly

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1712357.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Incubus Will Graham, Wendigo Hannibal, Mythical Beings & Creatures, Dominant Hannibal, Submissive Will, Except that there's really nothing submissive about him so oops, Dark Will Graham, Cannibalism, courting, the serial killer way, Mating, Possessive Behavior
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2014-05-29 Updated: 2014-10-09 Words: 12,446 Chapters: 6/?

Love Me Mercilessly

by Extinction

Summary

Will Graham may be a Submissive but he is Submissive in title only and it is often only a flimsy title thrown around to belittle his existence. He is more than that and he bows to no one.

Especially not to the Dominant Hannibal Lecter.

Notes

I told myself no...but then I said yes. Because of reasons I'm not entirely sure of just yet.

Someone please take away my laptop before I chew off more than I can handle.

I've had this bunny in my head for so long and each day the urge to write it got stronger and stronger. I will be slowly revealing more on how the dynamics work within this Dominants/Submissives society so just...hang in there with me, ok?

Song lyrics come from The Bravery's "Hatefuck"

Also, thanks to the amazing Rosamine. She helped spawn sexy seductive Will Graham. ;)

Chapter 1

And there will be no tenderness, no tenderness
There will be no tenderness, no tenderness
I will show no mercy for you,
you had no mercy for me
The only thing that I ask, love me mercilessly

x-x-x-x

The heady scent of smoke and cherries was incredibly succulent and hunger gnawed at his stomach. It felt like nails scratching at his insides, cutting him open and tearing the soft tissue within. The discomfort was almost unbearable.

Unfortunately, it was the price of waiting too long.

He ignored the hunger pains, instead tilting his lips up into a sensual smirk as he began weaving his intricate web, dewy lines glittering across spun white silk.

There was the murmuring of soft voices around him but he paid them no mind; his focus was entirely elsewhere.

Blue eyes framed by dark long lashes swept across rosy cheeks and he looked underneath them at the figure in front of him.

The man responded kindly, his eyes hooded and dark as they trailed down his form, taking in the fitted trousers and the shirt that hugged the slight curves of his waist. He shifted with calculated measurements, allowing a sliver of skin to peek from underneath the fabric, revealing a teasing glimpse of a sharp hip. The man licked his lips, bringing his gaze back up to meet his eyes.

He looked away coyly, fingers nervously fidgeting with the buttons of his shirt. His bit his lip, as if uncertain. His hands moved to his dark curls, tugging at the ends and tucking the stray locks behind his ear.

The scent of cherries was slowly getting closer and he held back the moan that itched at his throat. He could already taste ecstasy upon his tongue; a drop of stained juice lingering on his taste buds and spreading to replenish him, satisfying the annoying hunger that he had been carrying with him for weeks.

Oh, but it was absolutely *divine* and he wanted it, needed it, wanted to utterly consume every wisp of it until there was nothing left.

“Hey,” a gruff voice spoke into his ear,” wanna get out of here?”

The man smelt of liquor and desperation and he had observed him all night, had made sure that he had not been accompanied by anyone else. The man had sat in the same spot all night,

surreptitiously eying him with hopeful lust in his eyes.

He had watched many men tonight, had cut off all interaction as soon as they revealed further details about themselves. He had gotten many offers so far tonight but none that had really caught his eye.

But this one…this man, he was *the* one.

This man was a loner, out and about at night, barhopping and just hoping to get lucky.

The man probably thought that he had hit the jackpot and now he was going for the honey, hoping to dip his fingers into the sticky jar and perhaps wishing for more.

But Will begged to differ. He was only interested in one thing.

He smiled shyly; an innocent tilt of his head, eyes wide and eager, full lips parted with a minute hitch of breath.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Will?"

His eyes flicked up questioningly, eyebrow raised as he looked up at the woman in front of him. She stared down at him with a kind smile and Will found himself returning the gesture although his mind was more or less on the corpse in front of him.

"Alana," he greeted, standing back up. "This is certainly a surprise." He hadn't seen her in a while, not since she had stopped coming by in protest after Jack had sent him to an extremely gruesome murder which had resulted in him avoiding all contact with everybody for days. Will appreciated her concern but found that it was not as necessary as she seemed to believe it was. Of course she didn't know that he had seen much worse before but Will still found her protectiveness endearing.

"Yes, well, I thought you could use a friend." She walked closer, staring down at the body with a curious fascination. "Jack told me where I could find you but hm," she paused, distracted, as she bent at the knees, finger reaching out to point at the man that lay in front of them, most specifically; a mark he knew could be found on said corpse," and what is this?"

Will knew exactly what it was but he feigned confusion, turning around to look at what she was gesturing at. Right beneath the man's jugular was a small scratch, almost completely unnoticeable. Will was pleasantly surprised that Alana managed to catch it and he felt a swell of pride rise up.

He allowed himself this moment of indulgence; hungrily taking in the man's features as he briefly recalled their encounter a few days past. He had taken the man out into a secluded alley and he had been none the wiser, following along behind like an obedient puppy. As soon as Will's lips brushed against soft skin, he knew that he had won and the man hadn't even noticed until it was far too late, overwrought and overwhelmed by the glorious frenzy Will had invoked in him.

His lust had been delicious – spicy and sweet with just a hint of cherry smoke - just as Will knew it would be, and he had gorged himself until he couldn't breathe, much less move.

At least the man hadn't suffered and Will's hunger was once again satiated.

"Not quite sure," he said at last, eyes settling on her chin as he pushed up his glasses. "Beverly said that she would take a look but as of now, the actual cause of his death is unknown. He didn't suffer from any major injuries, there are no wounds to signal a struggle or foul play but that is only what we can see from here." He was sure that they wouldn't find anything concrete; Will was incredibly meticulous about cleaning up after himself and what they would find would be too bizarre to even contemplate.

The matter would be pushed away until further notice, forgotten and left behind to collect dust.

Will tugged at his flannel shirt, frustrated. “Jack called me to ask that I take a closer look.”

Alana’s face softened although her eyes became hard at the mention of Jack. “I suspected as much.”

“He also wants me to talk to a psychiatrist for my evaluation. He says that he would prefer me being back in the field where he can keep an eye on me.”

“And would you like to be back in the field?” Alana placed a gentle hand on Will’s arm. Her forehead was wrinkled with worry and Will’s agitation seemed to be affecting her as well. “You already know what I think of you doing this. Are you absolutely certain that this is what you want? You don’t have to listen to what Jack tells you; I can assure you that he won’t be a problem.” Her grip on his arm tightened supportively.

It was almost comical how Alana seemed to believe that she could easily solve his problems. She was only human of course, so Will couldn’t fault her for thinking a certain way. After all, human minds were fascinating things and Will wished he had more time to study them further. There were bound to be thousands of connections he could make by just looking. The mind held so many intricate secrets within; pathways that lead to furnished rooms and dark dungeons where lust and anger were chained to the cold hard ground.

Unfortunately this was the closest he could get for the moment but it was a relief nonetheless. Nothing pleased him more than seeing his own work on display. He quite very much enjoyed the taste it left on his tongue.

“I’m…not quite sure,” Will admitted, shuffling his feet and making sure to not look her in the eye. She would take it as a sign of uncertainty and make her conclusion from there.

Alana sighed. “Will.”

“Alana, I don’t like this any better than you do,” he argued,” but if it’s enough to help then I’m more than happy to put myself in the cross hairs. I’m only the bullet and Jack holds the trigger, where I go from there is up to him.”

Or so Jack liked to believe. Will so did like to enjoy watching the man run around in circles like a chicken with its head cut off. It made it much easier to follow the blood trail.

“Besides, *you* can be the one to give me my evaluation. Honestly, I would prefer it if it was you.”

She looked resigned and Will knew that she felt hopeless. Push too hard and she would feel her control faltering and will tighten her grip on it but push just enough and she would give in without a second thought.

“You know Jack wouldn’t let me be the one to help you.” It was true, Jack respected Alana but respect was all he had for her and it wasn’t enough to make him forget how unreservedly

defiant Alana was against him. “The best I can do is recommend you to my former mentor but whether or not he works out for you is not something I can guarantee.” She looked pensive,” His methods are rather unorthodox but it *may* just be what you need.”

Alana was still trying to keep a tight grasp on the situation and was not yet ready to let it out of her hands. Her mentor was a way of still being able to keep her eye on Will without doing so directly. Admittedly, he liked having Alana around – he admired her spirit and she was one of the few people whom he would feel regret for if it ever came down to getting rid of her – but her hold was suffocating and Will felt like a dog on a short leash.

Will took off his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose. “If that is the best that can be done than I suppose that I don’t really have any other options. Jack would just as quickly refer me to the most incompetent person if I let him.”

The amount of times that Will had thought of putting an end to agent Crawford was frightening, even for him. When the imposing man stood tall in front of him and aggressively got in his face, Will was often reminded of the Dominants that always looked down on him and the temptation to fight against such behavior had been instilled within him since birth.

The itch to knock him off of his high horse strengthened every time the man opened his mouth.

Fortunately, Will had more self-control than that and he knew when to submit, even if it he had to fake it. It was better to just allow Jack to believe that he was in control of the situation.

Will suspected that the man would taste even better than he smelled. It was a shame that Will had to play such a long and tedious game to be able to work freely from behind the scene but it was necessary if he wanted to keep five steps ahead of everyone else.

“I will talk to Hannibal, then. I’m sure he will at least consider it.” Alana gave his arm a final squeeze and smiled up at him. “Now then, tell me how else I can help,” she nodded down at the body, unperturbed by the sight. Will laughed and rubbed the back of his neck, his lips curling up into a small pleased smile.

There was nothing more exciting than having the opportunity to openly discuss his own accomplishments.

x-x-x-x

“I ask this of you, as a favor, friend to friend,” she insisted, eyes pleading with him.

“Nothing would make me happier than to help out a friend in need.” Hannibal’s lips twitched up, a farce meant more to reassure Alana than an actual demonstration of approval.

Watching her try to remain calm had been amusing at best. At least she had managed to pique his interest.

It would most likely just end up being a waste of his time, anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Feedback is always much appreciated.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"What an absolute mess." Beverly scowled, pushing her goggles back impatiently.

Will looked up from the notes he had been perusing. "What is?"

"This." She waved at the body she had been examining for the last couple of hours. "Well, no, not this one. But that man we found yesterday…I've swept over every inch of him, *especially* over the scratch and you would think that that would be enough to give us a clue, but no, we get jack shit."

Will hummed, tracing the frames of his glasses. "The autopsy didn't give you anything either?"

"Yeah, see, that's where the messy part of this, comes in." She suddenly looked excited as she gathered a few sheets of paper which had been lying around in disarray around her. "So, we opened him up and you'd think that everything would be fine, right? Nothing at all to see here, of course." She glanced up at him expectantly and Will motioned for her to continue, feigning interest.

"But, we get here," Beverly tapped her forehead," and what we find is a different matter all on its own." She flipped through her charts, absently biting at her lip. "The levels of dopamine and serotonin that we found were incredibly high, too high for any normal activities. They were actually off the charts…almost like a –"

"A junkie?" supplied Will, curious in spite of himself.

"Yeah, just like one. Except that this man was no junkie, obviously." She set her notes down and tapped her chin in thought. "Besides that, he was perfectly healthy and there's no evidence of anything else in his system; other than alcohol but that shouldn't have been enough for death by overdose."

"And you found nothing else?"

"Nope. Just that; I have no doubt that the pleasure circuits of his brain were going haywire before he fizzled out," she mused to herself. "It's rather strange and I've never seen anything like it." She looked fascinated and slightly disappointed that she didn't have more information to share.

Will had already had his suspicions about what usually happened to a person after he was done with them but they had never been confirmed until now. He had to admit that he was just as equally fascinated as Beverly was and he wished he had more of an opportunity to study his biology in full without any interruptions.

Unfortunately, he hadn't come across another of his kind for a long time – not since his mother had passed away and even then she had been less than helpful – and any information he had now had been self-taught and had come from his own experiences.

"Are you OK?" Will's eyes flew to Beverly. "I mean, Jack has been riding you pretty hard lately and I know the effect it has on you sometimes."

Will snorted. "When working with Jack, no pace other than 'hard' is acceptable." He leaned against the edge of the counter, using his fingers to comb back his hair distractedly. "But yes, I'm fine." He plastered on a smile that he knew would not manage to convince Beverly. She narrowed her eyes at him but said nothing, instead pushing off her lab coat and removing her goggles. She grabbed him by the arm as she started to walk out and Will followed along, a bemused expression on his face.

"Where are we going?"

"To a bar. We're not getting any work done here and I'm tired and cranky and all I want is a good beer." She stopped in her tracks and turned to look at him, studying him closely. "Besides, let's see just how good your wingman abilities are."

Will rolled his eyes but let her lead him. Suddenly a thought occurred to him and held onto it, hoping that it would at least lessen the awkwardness that the night would inevitably end up in.

"Is Alana invited?" Beverly waved a dismissive hand and Will took that as her agreement. He pulled out his phone, ignoring Beverly's constant pulling and tugging, and dialed Alana's number.

x-x-x-x

The bar that Beverly had dragged him into was everything a bar usually was; the lighting was dim and the setting was dingy and there was nothing particularly special to it. There was an empty stage at the back end of the bar and the spotlight was aimed at it although there was no one currently occupying the space.

There were people scattered around throughout – but not many, it was a weekday after all – and many stood at a distance, quietly talking amongst themselves and paying no mind to anyone else. The atmosphere was pleasant enough and Will found himself relaxing, almost as if returning back home. This was what he was most used to and whether it was this one or another, bars usually had many things in common.

One of them being, that people tended to gather around, hoping to unwind after a long and taxing day. Some preferred to do so with a drink of their choice and with familiar company and enjoyable conversation.

But others…they often preferred carnal pleasures and coincidentally that was also the way that Will could best unwind.

It was just unfortunate that that was *not* what he had come here for tonight.

Beverly pulled Will into a table near the corner, and with a hasty warning to stay, she whisked off towards the bartender with a backwards promise of returning with “the best beer in town”.

Will rolled his eyes at her retreating back but a fond smile tugged at the corners of his lips. Beverly was too pushy and a busybody but like Alana, Will had a soft spot for her. She was one of the few people who actually seemed to care and she didn’t treat him like glass, brief questions concerning his health aside.

For all his conceived mannerisms, Will was not uncaring. His mother had been a woman of cruel teachings but she had taken care of him nonetheless. She had attempted to mold him into a twisted version of herself but Will had always refused; there was a part of him that didn’t want to lose control and become a mindless animal. It wasn’t in his nature to be a glutton for misery regardless of what his mother always implied.

Manipulation was much easier to do when you had a semblance of sanity, after all. And the results were always absolutely appetizing if he was conscious of what he was doing.

However, he *did* have certain amount of respect for certain people. He appreciated the life they brought into his life and the loneliness that he usually often battled against, was nothing more than a mere memory at times.

If need be, he would not hesitate to end them although he would do it regretfully and with a small extent of reluctance at least.

He would be merciful; they’d deserve that at best.

It didn’t make him uncaring…it simply made him cautious and he was not in any way eager to bring an end to the freedom he had now, of course.

It was Darwinism at its finest and only the strongest survived and Will was more than determined to survive no matter at what cost it came along with.

And if he could have his fun along the way, well, that was also definitely more than fine.

Beverly suddenly plopped down in front of him, shoving a pint of beer towards him with a satisfied grin. “I told him it was ladies night and he didn’t argue. I suppose from far away you look slightly womanish.” She cackled when Will groaned at her comment. “It could be the hair but I think it’s most probably the face; you have surprisingly delicate features, Will.”

“Thank you,” he mumbled dryly, tracing the wet condensation of his glass with his finger.

“If only you got rid of that scowl. You scare away people with your glares, you know.”

“Perhaps that’s my goal: some people are too tedious to deal with.” Will gulped down some of his beer, humming in appreciation. It wasn’t *the* best but it was at least very decent. “Like you; you’re tedious. Unfortunately my glares don’t seem to work on you. I have a strong suspicion that you’ve become immune.”

“You’re really just a giant puppy.” Beverly waved a dismissive hand, taking his words in stride. Her eyes then focused over his shoulder and her face brightened with a grin. Will turned around and spotted Alana walk in through the door with a bewildered look. When she finally caught sight of them, she started walking towards them, looking slightly harried.

“I’m sorry I’m late.” She nodded politely at Beverly and turned to Will. “I brought someone along with me. I really hope you don’t mind.” She tried masking her nervousness although it was already too late; Will had seen it and he narrowed his eyes suspiciously at her.

“And this someone would be…?” Beverly prompted and leaned in, curious. Alana spared her a small twitch of her lips but most of her focus remained on Will.

“Before you meet him, you have to know that this wasn’t originally the plan.” She smiled hesitatingly at him. “But we had both agreed that perhaps it was best to meet outside of a controlled environment, somewhere where you would feel more comfortable and then you called me and suddenly, it was the perfect opportunity.” She shrugged and took a seat, readily accepting the beer that Beverly passed to her.

Will clenched his jaw. It was obvious who Alana was speaking of now and he couldn’t believe that she had gone behind his back to set this up. He had agreed to meeting the elusive Doctor Lecter but he hadn’t agreed to meeting him outside of working hours.

He tapped his finger against the greasy countertop and closed his eyes, breathing in through his nose.

He needed to get himself under control before he lost it completely.

When he opened his eyes once again, his face had smoothed out and his eyes had softened considerably. He gave Alana a stiff smile – although he suspected that it looked more like a grimace – and nodded resolutely.

Alana was only doing what she thought was best for him and Will understood that she had his best interests at heart. However, it didn’t lessen his fury; he had expected to meet the Doctor on *his* terms and no one else’s.

Beverly and Alana then swiveled around in their seats, looking towards the door with anticipation. Will didn’t bother to turn around and instead stayed in place, stubbornly refusing to look.

Will smelt him before he saw him.

He smelt of power – almost like the calm before the storm, just before lightning struck – and he smelt of a blend of spices, potent, almost as if it was embedded into his skin. Underneath that, he smelt of death, of rotting flesh and bones and Will found himself gagging at the menacing taste it left in his mouth.

He knew exactly when he was nearby, he could feel the air around him thicken and it felt heavy, making it even harder to breathe.

When he turned around, he wasn't entirely surprised to find the man that he did.

He could tell from his posture, from his stance, that this man was not one to be trifled with. He was dangerous and he could tear Will apart effortlessly. He hid behind a nice suit and a polite smile but Will could see the ice in his eyes and the half-hidden sneer that lingered behind shapely lips.

He looked human but Will knew better than that although his person suit was impressive indeed.

His instincts told him to run because this man…this man would bring ruin upon him and he would laugh in Will's face. But Will rose up to full height and he took the man's offered hand with a smile of his own; sharp and knowing.

This man *will* ruin him.

But not if Will destroys him first.

Chapter End Notes

Comments motivate me to write faster, in case you guys haven't figured that out yet. ;)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will Graham was not at all what Hannibal had been expecting.

In all honestly, he had been expecting someone closer to their breaking point. Alana's concern had lead him to believe that Mr. Graham was in dire need of an anchor, something or someone to hold him down to Earth so as to not allow him to deviate from reality.

He had been expecting a scruffy and bedraggled man with dark bags under his eyes that foretold of countless sleepless nights and quotidian hardships that took a toll on him, thus leaving him weary and exhausted. He had expected a man without the ability to differentiate between fact and fiction, someone who was lost and ached for the careful guidance of an experienced hand.

What he saw now, however, did not in any way resemble the image of the Mr. Graham that he had pictured in his mind.

The man in question –whom was currently not meeting his eyes – was…unusual, although Hannibal was not able to place the exact reason for as to why. He had received a sense of familiarity, a whisper of knowledge that he was among liken folk.

Although, he was almost certain that they did not share similar interests. It was difficult to find anyone else with *those* particular interests, after all.

The man was attractive; above average and excelling. His face was accentuated by the lack of facial hair and it left him with a soft, ethereal appearance despite his constant frown. There was a hidden grace lurking behind his jerky movements and a sensuality that bordered on obscene. He smelt of sex – a spicy and sweet muskiness that made his mouth water – but he lacked the scent of a corresponding partner.

When blue eyes met his – just for a moment but a moment that had proved itself useful nonetheless -Hannibal had been slightly surprised by the lack of shadows in Mr. Graham's eyes. Even hidden behind the clear lenses of his glasses, they were as clear as the summer sky, untainted by monsters and unperturbed by the past. Perhaps it was the lighting and the angle but Hannibal had no doubt left in his mind that Will Graham was saner than he had originally let on.

The man's expression quickly became shuttered and guarded and Hannibal observed the sudden change with rapt curiosity. After their brief introduction, Mr. Graham had refused to say much else and Hannibal allowed him this reprieve so that he was able to read him more freely.

As of yet, he had been unable to make anything more than vagaries pertaining to the real character behind the composed face.

There was an aura of darkness that clung to Will Graham's form and Hannibal sensed that hidden beneath those dark tendrils, lay the true secrets of Mr. Graham. For now, they were obscured and blurred and it was nearly impossible to manage a sold grip on it.

The predator within him lusted to tear Will Graham apart; twist and turn just to see whether his secrets were as dark as his own. His skin looked pliable to the touch, unblemished and flushed and Hannibal wondered whether his flesh would taste just as sweet as it looked.

It was unknown to him yet whether he would prefer to have it slide down his throat and into his stomach to satiate his hunger or whether he wanted to taste the salt of his skin to satiate something else entirely.

It was fortunate for the man that although the thought of devouring him was tempting – in any and every way - it was not his original intent. He had come here out of respect for his acquaintance but he had not expected to have further reason than that to stay.

With Mr. Graham seated across from him, Hannibal found it difficult to focus on anything other than every twitch he made. Every flicker of his eyes behind thin lids, dark eyelashes sweeping across the apples of his cheeks, sensual pursed lips and the delicate and tempting lines of the pale expanse of his neck…

He was utterly fascinated.

x-x-x-x

The thing about predators was that most believed themselves to be omnipotent and omniscient. They climbed to the top out of the sheer belief that they *belonged* at the top of the food chain simply because nature had dictated it so.

They lacked awareness and most of all, they lacked motivation.

Will had come upon many predators in his lifetime. Many of which he was only too happy to take down, gladly knocking them down a peg or two. The stronger the predator, the harder they fell, after all.

Hannibal Lecter was no different.

He was too distracted by his appearance, by his mannerisms, that he had been blinded since the very beginning. He had been taken in by the illusion that Will cloaked himself in; his actions contradicted his behavior greatly and surely that had been enough to draw the Doctor's eye.

Perhaps he was able to perceive the lies that stuck to his skin but he wouldn't be able to read him thoroughly. Will had more control than that; what Doctor Lecter saw was only because Will had allowed him the pleasure of seeing it.

Sanguine eyes focused on him hungrily and Will wasn't sure whether he wanted to eat him or take him or maybe, perhaps even both.

Will had never had any experience with a Wendigo before. He had heard stories, legends and old wives tales, of creatures as black as night with deadly antlers that could reach higher than him or anyone else. They were gaunt and hollow and their hunger was frighteningly insatiable; they had been cursed since birth, forced to roam the Earth with the craving of flesh and congealed blood stuck to the roof of their mouths. They often hid in the cracks of society, camouflaging themselves to fit in with the rest. It was there that they could observe from behind the most pleasant exterior, unhurried and patiently awaiting their prey.

He had never actually met one in the flesh; it was almost like coming upon a rare jewel, something you heard about but never actually dared to believe was true. His mother had mentioned them in passing but never for long and never in so much detail. Over time, he had comprised his own information based upon these unknown creatures but he was never able to confirm whether it was accurate.

As riveted as he was by his own biology, he was also interested in that of Doctor Lecter's. However, Doctor Lecter's biology was more simplistic and straightforward; there was no beauty in his hunger, only depravity and brutality, whereas, Will was more complex.

He had no interest in the taste of flesh, blood, and bone. He was far more interested in the complexity of lust and fickle desires. He had perfected the art of seduction; he had made a game out of sensuality, fascinated by what he could do with a mere fluttering of his lashes or the certain tilt of his hips.

His body was his weapon but not one he wielded savagely. There was a flicker of love behind each intention and although that love was shallow, it was love nonetheless.

He doubted that Doctor Lecter even felt an inkling of such depth.

"So, Doctor Lecter." Beverly broke the tense silence, coughing into her hand. Alana daintily sipped at her beer, eyebrow raised as she looked pointedly at Will. He kept his eyes on the table, hand wrapped around his own beer.

"Yes, Ms. Katz?" Accented words lingered in the air, polite curiosity edged into its enunciation.

"Will isn't really much of a talker." She shrugged, giving Lecter a fond "what can you do" look.

"Mr. Graham was very much taken by surprise, I do not fault him. I am to blame for the rude imposition." He seemed remorseful and Will had to restrain himself from applauding him for his feigned credibility.

Instead, he sighed resignedly, pushing his glasses up. "I'm right *here*. I'd appreciate it if you didn't talk about me as if I wasn't." His eyes flicked up, resting on Doctor Lecter's chin. "I would've also appreciated it if both of you," he glanced at Alana," hadn't decided to spring this on me so suddenly."

"Would you have rather done it in front of Jack?" Alana crossed her arms.

“Actually, yes, I would’ve.” Although he knew it would’ve ended up in disaster. At least with Jack, Will knew what he was getting; voyeurism included. However, he doubted that anything could’ve truly prepared him for Hannibal Lecter and it irked him. Will liked being prepared, especially with something as monumental as this and now he found that he had to improvise.

It was a good thing that he was skilled at improvisation as he was with anything else.

“Also, I find it hard to believe that you would meet with me so informally, it really is quite offensive,” he addressed the Doctor with a mirthless smile. Lecter’s responding smile was more of an unconscious twitch of his lips. “I apologize; I did not mean to cause offense.”

“And you didn’t, Will is merely being dramatic.” Beverly interrupted with a scoff. Will rolled his eyes but didn’t argue with her; it would only be pointless and he already knew that Beverly was used to making her own assumptions regardless of evidence otherwise.

He studied the man in front of him with hooded eyes and Doctor Lecter readily met his gaze, dark eyes making their own observations. Will gave him a casual once over, seemingly unconcerned about the bluntness of his actions. He then grinned, leaning back against his seat. “You look out of place here, Doctor.” And he did; in a crowd of people trickling in from work, Doctor Lecter was still the only one decked out in an elegant suit. He stood out like a sore thumb, hair slicked back neatly and oozing refinement and stiffly poised upon a shoddy stool.

Will wondered whether he would be able to catch a glimpse of the monster hidden behind the impressive person suit. He had the feeling that watching the Doctor in action would be quite a sight to see; he hoped that one day he’d be able to.

And then perhaps, he’ll allow Lecter the pleasure of viewing his own tricks. He’d allow him to watch the transformation right in front of his eyes, front row seat, and he’d even allow him the opportunity to experience firsthand the invocation of *lust*.

He wasn’t quite up to par with Will’s usual tastes but he supposed that he could make an exception just this once. It would be so intriguing to see if he can make him fall to his knees as an act of supplication bursting openly with need.

It would feel absolutely divine to reduce a Wendigo – and a Dominant at that – to such a length.

“I must admit, I did not have the opportunity to change into something more suitable, it truly was a last minute decision of mine,” he explained. Will suspected that he didn’t have *anything* more casual than that but didn’t bother interjecting. There was only so much he could do before he started overselling it.

“Will.” Alana cleared her throat and he turned to her, half suspecting that she will start calling him out on his behavior. “I know you’re upset about this but Hannibal truly means well and he wants to help you. You said that you want to be cleared so that you can go back into the field. Well, here’s your chance.” Doctor Lecter seemed to be patiently awaiting his response and Will fought back his growl.

He noticed that one person's input was missing from the discussion and his eyes found Beverly who had been uncharacteristically quiet throughout the remainder of their conversation. She appeared to be fiddling with her napkin, a bored expression on her face and as if she felt his eyes on her, she looked up. She waggled her eyebrows at him. "Lighten up, Graham. She's right." She turned back to her napkin, determinedly tearing it to shreds. Apparently, his patience wasn't the only thing tried by Alana's random interference tonight.

Knowing that he now had no support from anyone present, Will allowed himself to bask in how well the pieces have fitted together. He had been cautious about finding mismatched pieces but the results had been more than what he had expected.

The only way he could study Doctor Lecter to his heart's content was if he was permitted closure, even under false pretenses.

His eyes flew to Lecter once more and he shifted in his seat. He bit his lip, uncertain, as if considering and then, "I don't appreciate being manipulated and we're off to a bad start already as it is. But, you *are* my only option and I trust Alana."

"Trust" was an appealing word and Alana's face brightened with hope. Doctor Lecter nodded in understanding, an apologetic frown lining his face although it wasn't enough to make the gleam in his sanguine eyes indiscernible.

Perhaps to everyone else it was.

But Will was *not* everyone and if Hannibal Lecter believed that he had any power in this dynamic, then he was deeply mistaken.

He was not to be underestimated and if the Doctor wasn't careful, it could soon prove to be a fatal error made on his behalf.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, I'm not exactly pleased with this chapter...oh well. Feedback is always much appreciated (especially since I'd like to know whether I'm going too far with this or whether I'm not going far enough.)

Also, thank you guys for all your comments/kudos/bookmarks! They really do motivate me to keep on writing. <3

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will picked at his burrito, the crust of the wrap flaking off onto the table. It had become warm and moist due to exposure and it looked even more unappetizing. He chose to push it away in disgust instead.

“Not hungry?” Beverly plopped down in front of him, setting down her sandwich onto the table. She unwrapped it carefully, revealing a decent sized BLT and she took a hearty bite out of it, eyes closing in pleasure.

He just grunted, not really interested in specifying what he was truly hungry for. He watched Beverly enviously, wishing that it was that easy to satisfy his own hunger. Unfortunately, a mere *burrito* would do nothing for him; it wouldn’t even put a dent in the ferocity of his need.

“Are you still brooding over your appointment with Dr. Lecter?” She struggled to speak around her masticated food and Will inwardly sighed at the display.

“I’m not brooding.” He really wasn’t. Brooding would imply that he actually cared and he in no way cared about Dr. Lecter’s pathetic attempts to corner him. He was more amused than anything else but he wouldn’t admit to that either. “I’m merely…frustrated. I’m not all that eager for him to try to get into my head just to tell me what I already know.”

“Hey,” she held her hands up defensively, her sandwich falling onto the crinkled wrapper,” you *want* to be here and to be here, you’re going to have to follow Jack’s rules. Which means –“

“It means that I have to endure the humiliation; I know,” he said dryly. “It doesn’t exactly mean that I *have* to like it, though.”

She scoffed. “Will, nobody likes to be analyzed. You’re not the first agent to have to go through this nor will you be the last.” She took another bite of her food, eying his thoughtfully. “You know, Dr. Lecter *is* kind of handsome. He would make the perfect sugar daddy.” She waggled her eyebrows suggestively.

Will leaned back against his seat, crossing his arms and studying her through narrowed eyes. “Just what exactly are you implying?”

It wasn’t all that difficult to come to the conclusion on his own but he didn’t think that Beverly would actually go that far as to imply it so bluntly in the first place.

Apparently he had been wrong.

“Oh, nothing,” she replied, giving him a saccharine smile. “Are you going to eat that?” She pointed to his ignored burrito and Will shook his head, unsure whether she would say anything else pertaining to the previous subject. Beverly grinned as if she knew what he was thinking but instead only swiped his food away, holding it close to her like a dragon protectively hording its treasure.

“You should eat more, Graham. You’re scrawny enough as it is.”

Will wasn’t sure whether she would be suggesting for him to eat more if she knew exactly what his diet consisted of.

x-x-x-x

“Good evening, Mr. Graham.” Dr. Lecter held the door open for him, head slightly inclined to the side in greeting.

“Dr. Lecter.” Will nodded, unenthusiastically shuffling into the room. It shut behind him with a loud resounding sound and it felt as if he were headed to serve a life sentence; trapped within these four walls where the only exit was where Lecter was standing idly by, ever so attentive as to not allow his prisoner a chance to escape.

Will ignored it, pretending to not notice just how close Dr. Lecter was standing. Alert eyes took in the elegantly furnished room, mentally mapping out the weak areas and anything that he could use to cause irreparable harm if – when – it came down to it.

There were two leather armchairs in the middle of the room and Dr. Lecter motioned for him to take a seat in front of him. Will remained standing for a minute, eyes on the ground and refusing to even look in the doctor’s general vicinity.

He wondered how long it would take for the doctor to comment on it. It didn’t seem like it but he knew that psychiatrists often made mental notes on their patients, especially on their subconscious actions; it tended to reveal a lot on said patient’s inner conflicts and emotions.

It was a subtle game and yet one that Will found extremely tedious albeit highly stimulating.

“Mr. Graham, please. I am aware that I was not your first choice but I would be much obliged if you at least cooperated.” He patiently gestured to the same seat, outstretched arm extended towards it.

Will rolled his eyes, plopping down on the offered seat. He leaned back, casually spreading his legs apart and hands gripping onto the armrests tightly. His leg shook, more out of habit than a deliberate action.

“Are we going to go straight to talking about my problems, Dr. Lecter?” He raised an unimpressed brow as he took off his glasses, wiping them off with the hem of his shirt.

“Eventually, yes; for now, unless you would like to divulge this information on your own, I will not pry.” He crossed his legs, staring pointedly at Will’s splayed ones. Will turned his face away, looking intently at a nearby bronze stag sculpture.

His eyes followed the particles of dust in the air, idly watching their unpredictable dance.

“Then, if we’re not here to talk about my problems, does that mean that we can talk about yours?” He turned back to Dr. Lecter, a small smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. “Because,” Will leaned forward, hands moving to his knees,” that actually sounds a lot more interesting.”

He wondered just how far he could push Dr. Lecter until he finally snapped back. Judging by the blank look that he was giving him, Will could safely assume that he definitely had his work cut out for him.

Hannibal Lecter was a hard nut to crack but nothing was really impossible; not with enough determination, that is.

And as it turned out, Will had plenty of that in abundance.

Dominants were all the same and the doctor didn’t appear to really be any different.

It at least made for something to occupy his time with.

“We are here to talk about you, Mr. Graham. The bureau is, after all, paying for your sessions,” said Dr. Lecter. He folded his hands and placed them upon his knee. He offered him a polite smile that didn’t reach eyes. He was the perfect picture of poise and patience… had it not been for the small twitch of his finger which Will quickly zeroed in on.

Will’s eyes just as quickly flickered away, instead moving them to the man’s tie. He sighed tiredly, slumping back and rubbing a hand over his face.

“I know; you’re right. Just…I’m not exactly used to this,” he explained, his defiant attitude hidden away for the moment. “I mean, of course I’ve had psychiatrists before, you’re not really the first one but this *is* the first time that I’m not allowed to just walk out.” And the first one that he didn’t really want to walk out on anyway.

None of the others had even been remotely this interesting.

“Hm.” Sanguine eyes studied him attentively, taking in the light tapping of his foot and his uncomfortable shifting. “Tell me about your father.”

“Never met him.” He shrugged his shoulders, picking at the seam of his chair. “So if you’re going to talk about how it’s possible that he’s affected me in my life then I’m going to have to stop you right there. He was never in my life and honestly, I didn’t care much for him either.”

“And your mother?”

His mother was a very jealous woman and she had no desire to share Will with anyone else who couldn’t commit. She was cruel and manipulative but she had been his mother and she had been all that he had known, all that he had. She was not the best teacher but she had coached him to the best of her abilities, guiding him through the most important stages of his life.

For a woman and a Submissive at that, she absolutely refused to allow anyone to own her, setting out to do the exact opposite of what had been expected of her. In return, she had also dragged Will along in her quest for achievement.

“She was very independent,” Will said hesitantly after a beat of silence. “She taught me everything she knew and then some. Everything that I am today, I owe to her.” He doubted that Dr. Lecter would know *what* she had taught him but there was nothing wrong with omitting a few facts here and there. By controlling the amount of information that he revealed, he could still stay in control. As long as he kept this certain material a secret then he had a great advantage over the Dominant.

The doctor wasn’t ready.

Yet, his mind supplied.

Dr. Lecter made a noncommittal sound, eying him carefully.

“I doubt speaking of my mother will help with the situation now, though.” Will sighed; even with her no longer being around, his mother had the tendency to pop up unbidden. She demanded attention wherever and whenever and his mind was never safe from memories of her. “Tell me, Dr. Lecter. Just for how long do you think that I’ll have to come back here?” If Will played it right, it would be quite a while before he was finished here. In his eagerness, Dr. Lecter probably wouldn’t notice just how much he was stalling.

In the meantime, Will would happily get him to notice the very menial details if he so wished. After all, Dr. Lecter hadn’t noticed the most important part of him just yet and if he hadn’t then he truly wasn’t worthy of obtaining the data either..

x-x-x-x

Will Graham was very clever, he noticed. He had the skill of revealing just enough information to make it seem as if he were actually complying. He changed the subject swiftly and his tactics of doing so made it even seem natural.

It was a useful ability to have and Hannibal had seen it often enough to spot it from a mile away.

From what Hannibal had seen so far, it was best to take a direct approach with Mr. Graham. As open as the man had been about sharing tidbits of information about his parents, he seemed disinclined in his doing so.

He wouldn’t reveal much more unless he was pushed. However, pushing him too far could just as easily make the man unwilling to share anything at all; the possibility of such failure was absolutely unacceptable.

“Mr. Graham, we’ll continue doing these sessions for as long as you believe they are necessary.” It was up to Hannibal to conclude whether the man was fit or unfit for duty and it *could* take an undetermined amount of time.

“Then, the sooner we get to the root of the problem…” Mr. Graham started, scratching at his chin.

“The sooner that we’ll have to see less of each other,” Hannibal continued.

Or if he had his way and everything went according to plan, the *more* they would have to see of each other.

Hannibal was not above utilizing his own tactics to keep Mr. Graham here. In any case, he had never actually guaranteed results.

He wasn’t sure what exactly it was about Mr. Graham that attracted him but he was not the type of person to simply let it be without a clear explanation. It was here that he could watch him without an excuse of his own making and thus far, he had proven to be most fascinating.

Of course the man was physically attractive; his attributes were sensual and he emitted a rather erotic aura which was oddly alluring despite the off-putting behavior that he chose to hide behind. However, Hannibal had had his fair share of beauty and although Mr. Graham qualified, it wasn’t what had actually caught his attention.

Perhaps it had to do more with how the man presented himself. He had shuffled in almost shyly but when he had taken a seat, he did so with a confidence that had slightly surprised Hannibal. Afterwards, he had immediately reverted back to a meeker man, one whom had made it clear that he wanted nothing more than for these sessions to be over once and for all.

He never quite sat still; always fidgety and nervous, almost as if he was uncomfortable within his own skin. He didn’t seem to be too fond of eye contact either and only lend the illusion that he was by focusing on parts of Hannibal’s face that were *near* his eyes but not exactly.

Despite these telltale gestures, there was an intelligence lurking behind amused blue eyes; the knowledge that there was something that he was aware of but not willing to further expand upon.

Will Graham was an illusion and Hannibal wanted to peek behind this façade of his to see whether it was as delicious as it appeared.

Hannibal had never been this enthralled before; he could not remember a moment in his life where he had felt mystified and intrigued by such a person. Companions did not usually last long in his presence.

Nevertheless, he found that he couldn’t look away and he truly didn’t wish to. He wanted to catalogue each movement that the man made, wanted to store it away in his mind palace for further inspection for a later time when he could lounge with a glass of pinot noir, without the possibility of interruption.

“Did you always want to be a psychiatrist or was it one of those things that you just settled for?” Hannibal raised his eyebrow at the question. Mr. Graham had apparently given up on talking more about himself.

Hannibal decided to let it go for now.

“I was actually a surgeon.” He cleared his throat.

“A very stressful career choice. Did you ever kill anyone?” The man backtracked hastily. “You don’t actually have to answer that; I’m aware that my wording was rude and it really isn’t any of my business anyway.”

Rude, indeed.

“Unfortunately, there were times when someone, in my care, did not make it. Such is the risk that comes with being in the medical field.” A calculated twitch of his lips. “However, I have found that psychiatry is very similar.”

It was also a more subtle and successful way of manipulating those whose minds were settled upon the weak foundations of their disabilities. People came to him to affirm their sanity and sometimes – he restrained himself from sneering at the thought - for mere company.

The vast majority of them were pathetic pigs who served no further use than for imminent victims of future slaughter.

Sadly, he could do no more than to fantasize about their demise.

“Do you get off on the power?” A sly look crossed Mr. Graham’s face. “In a way, you’re still playing the role of God regardless of the change in career. You give life, take it, or merely prolong its inevitability.”

“What is God but a faceless entity that cruelly controls the lives of his puppets. After all, killing must feel good to God too; he does if often enough without warning and although flattering, I am no God.”

He was more than the pettiness that God embodied.

“Perhaps.” He dropped the subject, now sounding disinterested. “You know, you don’t have to call me Mr. Graham. It makes me feel older than what I really am.”

It was inappropriate and yet it was extremely useful to establish familiarity; it would certainly go a long way. “William, then.”

“*Will*,” he corrected with a disbelieving scoff. Hannibal smiled but didn’t agree to the implied condition, instead offering his own. “In that case, the dynamic between us would feel uneven. Call me Hannibal, if you may.”

Will’s eyes widened, momentarily freezing in his jittering. Hannibal straightened up, awaiting his response although the man in front of him now seemed speechless.

Full lips parted, a tongue snaking out to wet them, leaving behind a slick clear trail of saliva. Hannibal’s hooded eyes followed it, licking his own lips. He briefly wondered how they would taste.

“Hannibal.” Will stumbled over his name, mouth pursed, mouthing it quietly to himself. It was unused and unknown until now. Hannibal found that he very much the sound of his name upon Will’s lips.

The clock behind Will caught his eye and Hannibal mentally sighed, unsatisfied. It hadn’t seemed as if any time had gone by at all, however, the clock now told a very different story.

Unfortunately, now was not the time to test out how many more times he could get Will to say his name.

Fortunately, there will be more time for that much later on; Hannibal would make sure of it.

“Our session has come to an end.” He stood up from his seat, hands straightening and righting his suit.

“It wasn’t as bad as thought it would be,” Will mused aloud, following after him. Hannibal chuckled, leading him to the door. “It was not bad for your first session; we may even get through this together sooner than anticipated.” He opened the door, giving Will a curt nod. “We shall see each other soon.”

Will hesitated, tugging at the sleeve of his shirt. It was as if he wished to say something but was having a difficult time finding the right words. After a few seconds, he deigned it unimportant and left with perplexed expression on his face.

Hannibal watched him leave, watched as the uncertain steps became more confident, watched as Will’s slumped figure slowly straightened, and watched the mesmerizing and teasing sway of his hips as he walked away.

When Hannibal – with great reluctance – shut his door, he couldn’t keep in his self-satisfied smirk any longer.

Perhaps he should have mentioned to William that days earlier, Jack Crawford had sought him out at the recommendation that had come from Dr. Bloom.

But if he had mentioned it, then Hannibal would not have the chance to anticipate seeing the look on Will’s face.

He will very much savor the dawning of realization upon his lovely face.

Chapter End Notes

I am *so* sorry that this took so long to update. I fell behind on one of my stories which meant that I fell behind on the rest.

(Maybe I shouldn't have bitten off more than I could chew)

I'll try to not let it happen again. Thank you all for your lovely comments! They always motivate me and cheer me up; it was mostly because of this that I decided to update at all. <3

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will let the pounding of the beat sway him, closing his eyes in ecstasy as he downed his drink, hissing at the familiar sting of alcohol against the back of his throat, sliding down warmly until it heated him up from the inside.

“Hey –“he waved off the approaching man, uninterested in his advances, not even deigning the man with a response. The man left in a huff, muttering vulgarities under his breath but Will paid him no mind.

His glass was quickly refilled and Will nodded his thanks at the bartender, his finger tracing the rim of the sloshing liquid.

“You don’t seem to be in much of a good mood.”

Will snorted, giving the man in front of him an appraising look. He wasn’t tall and he looked to be the same height as him although his body was definitely more bulky than his own. His dark hair was cropped short and green eyes studied him curiously.

“An understatement.” He leaned back on his stool, careful to not topple back. Thin lips pulled up into a knowing smirk.

“Seems like.” He nodded to him as he wiped down the counter. “You’ve been rejecting everyone who has approached you. You’d think that you wouldn’t be interested.”

“It’s because I’m not,” he raised an eyebrow.

“Not so much as interested as…not exactly your taste, are they?” Will hummed at the observation, studying the man even more closely.

“Isn’t it just the same thing?” His grin was sharp, a warning for the man to back off.

He didn’t seem to have noticed or maybe he just didn’t care. “Not quite. Just means that you’re interested just not in *them*.”

Dangerously perceptive. “Are all bartenders this nosy or am I just a special case?” he asked dryly.

“You’ve been sitting here for an hour; I’ve had to refill your drink eight times now. I don’t need to have a doctorate in psychology to be able to see that what you want is not here, though I can’t see how it’s not. I doubt you have much trouble attracting…attention.”

Laughter bubbled in his throat. “I don’t think you’re allowed to pick me apart when I don’t even know your name.” This man was amusing and irritatingly right in everything that he had just said. It was a good thing that he had caught him in a good mood – despite the many

drinks he had already had. Otherwise, he would've taken offense and it might've ended *much* differently.

The man held out his hand and Will took it, feeling the strength behind it. Looking into green eyes, he saw shadows lurking within similar to his own. "Matthew." He squeezed his hand tightly before letting go.

Will licked his lips, looking at the man with narrowed eyes. "Will." Matthew grinned and Will found himself returning it.

Will's intention tonight had not been to seek nourishment although the thought was *very* tempting. He had only wished to go out to take his mind off of a certain psychologist who had been proving harder to expose than he had originally believed.

He had wanted to have fun but the doctor just didn't seem to want to play.

However…

He raked his eyes over Matthew's form with open curiosity. He had no intention to make a meal out of him; the man was so interesting after all. There was potential there, not for carnal pleasures – although he suspected that Matthew could prove himself to be a very formidable partner in bed – but for a mere…partnership. Will had the feeling that this could prove to be most interesting; maybe just worth another look because this familiarity? He had felt it before. It wasn't anything concrete but it intrigued him, at least.

Matthew studied him with hungry eyes but it wasn't lust hidden within them. It was fascination, the start of something more.

Matthew didn't want to fuck him.

But he did want *something*.

And Will was bored anyway, so he shrugged and held up his glass again, Matthew filling it up to the brim with a smile.

+

As soon as Will passed him by to enter the room, he caught a whiff of smoke and something else that although hard to decipher, clearly did not belong to Will.

The remnants of lust. Sex.

Rage bubbled beneath his skin but he took another whiff, mentally sifting through the smells. He found himself slowly relaxing as he realized that although the man smelt of sex, it wasn't the familiar musk that was usually accompanied by copulation. *That* would have been easier to catch as you couldn't mistake the lingering scent of the salt of sweat nor the heady bitterness that came from bodily fluids.

He closed the door, finally turning to Will who was already seated, looking slightly impatient and a little worse for wear. His curls were greasy, no doubt from not having showered for a

day or two. There were bags under his eyes and although those had already been there, they looked especially dark today, bruised by lack of sleep. Blue eyes were bloodshot behind the lens of his glasses and his clothes looked rumpled almost as if he hadn't bothered to change out of them.

How curious.

Hannibal cleared his throat, taking a seat in front of Will. "Hello, Will." He crossed his leg and leaned back against his chair and looked expectantly at the man. "Pardon my bluntness but you look terribly exhausted."

"I know." Will sighed, rubbing a tired hand across his face. "You can say it; I look like shit. Jack has been driving me crazy lately and I haven't had any time for myself." He doubted that Will would do much of anything if he *did* have time for himself but Hannibal decided to not mention it.

"Is it the case that has you preoccupied?"

"Half of it is. The other half is mostly just personal problems though I don't really want to talk about that either." Predictable. He was growing tired of Will's deflections but he knew that he had to be patient.

"Then what it is that you wish to talk about?" It was always like this, Will not willing to divulge any piece of person information. He gave him enough to appease him for a moment but nothing more than small statements, trivial and unimportant, matters that he believed had no true impact on the profiler.

"I found a dog last night, on my way home." Will smiled at him, fidgeting nervously with the cuff of his jacket. Sometimes, Hannibal found it hard to believe that this Will, was the same that he had seen at the bar when they had first met. He hadn't caught another glimpse of the darkness within him and he had to wonder whether it had just been a figment of his imagination, after all. Wishful thinking perhaps, desperate for something to interrupt the monotony of every day.

"And are you in the habit of finding strays?"

"A little. I like to take them home with me, rehabilitate them so that I can find them homes." A man with a prickly exterior that truly was soft on the inside. A cliché but he found it very apt, suitable for someone like Will. "And before you say anything, I know what that says about me." Will raised a brow and crossed his arms, a challenge in his eyes.

Hannibal didn't take the bait, merely smiling serenely at the other man. "Have you always had a fondness for canines?"

"Some, though not really until as of late. When I was a child, my mother owned an English Mastiff. He was a guard dog of sorts and he didn't like anyone other than her. He had the bad habit of biting me." Will smiled wryly, absentmindedly rubbing his thigh. He now seemed to be lost in thought and Hannibal felt slightly irritated by the lack of attention the man way giving him.

It wasn't often that the man looked at him and when he did, it was usually nowhere near his eyes. Hannibal was no stranger to rejection but he could count the times that that had occurred, on one hand and the majority of that had come from Will. Will had managed to surprise him since their very first meeting but like a crab, his shell was hard and he had the tendency to retreat when he became too uncomfortable, encasing himself in the warm confines of his inner strength.

How could Hannibal see more of Will if he kept to himself, putting up walls faster than he could blink?

He was sorely tempted to take Will's face in his hands to keep him from turning away, wishing to read the secrets hidden in the depths of his eyes. However, that would mean giving into his frustration and letting Will know that he was affected by his behavior.

It was best to feign ignorance and pretend that he did not mind. Patience could easily overcome every problem, be it small or big. It was the best solution and it had worked wonders for Hannibal so far. It was a spell, unraveling in the most satisfying of ways.

As it was, it was the hand he had been dealt with and as Jack hadn't called him for his consultation yet, Hannibal had to use what he had been given for the moment. It was a pity that he hadn't been able to surprise Will as he'd like but it was all a matter of eventually.

Time was a beautiful and haggard mistress. It wore down even the most stubborn of humans.

Hannibal didn't really listen to much of what Will was saying – he could see that his mouth was moving and he quietly followed the enthusiastic purse of his mouth, far more distracted by the movement than by the actual meaning – and their session ended quickly.

It made him all the more frustrated; he was not easily distracted and for him to not pay attention was a sign that this was taking its toll on him. They were stuck in the same dance, all familiar motions but no alluring sway to signal the beginnings of progress. Will's coy smiles were nothing but mocking and he longed to wipe them off his face by any means necessary.

Very rude.

One wrong move and he'd be back to the very beginning. No, even further behind than that. All a game of chance and risk and he could not afford to make any mistakes, not when there was a valuable prize at the very end of the game itself, a board tedious as it was worthwhile.

"I'm sorry," Will said as Hannibal later led him to the door. "I know that we're supposed to be here to get me the green light to proceed at work but it's a little harder than I thought it would be." The man looked slightly abashed, perhaps now embarrassed that he wasn't cooperating as he had said he would.

Hannibal raised an elegant brow. "We will go as slowly as you feel comfortable with, Will. There is no need to rush." Although he hoped that it would be soon as even his patience had its limits.

Will nodded, shuffling his feet for a moment as Hannibal opened the door for him. As usual, he seemed to have something he wanted to say but as per usual, it seemed that he had also decided to not voice whatever it had been. Hannibal mentally sighed.

He had started to turn around, preparing to leave when an idea floated through his mind, a light, *a possibility*. "William?" Tired eyes regarded him with suspicion and a hint of fear. He ignored the implications; curious but worth considering at a later time. "I have invited Jack and Alana to my home for dinner." A small lie but one that could easily be rectified. "I would like it if you were to join us."

The other man seemed surprised by the invitation, not having expected it. His eyes flicked up to the ceiling, studying it raptly and Hannibal resisted the urge to look up. He was sure that it was not become a work of art in the last hour since then.

"I uh…" Will started playing with the cuff of his jacket again. "Wouldn't they mind?"

"Not at all. A dinner amongst colleagues, there will be casual talk and you do not have to bring anything other than yourself." Perhaps Jack would find it inappropriate but then, it was not really a problem that was his to concern himself with. Alana was more ambiguous, where at times her kindness clashed with her morality however, he knew that she cared for Will and wished for his fast recovery.

As for him, well, there would be no progress if he did not cast the line into the water. The bait will require a nibble or two but Hannibal was more than certain that he would not need more than that.

Will scratched at his chin, still looking unsure. Sweat was starting to bead on his brow and he appeared to be slightly flushed.

"I would be pleased if you would join us," Hannibal said quietly, as if speaking to a skittish rabbit. He did not wish to scare Will away; that would not bode well for his plans at all.

Finally, Will nodded, his dark curls flopping into his eyes and Hannibal briefly considered giving him a haircut at a later point in time. It would accentuate his features even more but perhaps making him more eye-catching would result in more trouble. He would just have to let it be for now.

"Are you sure that you won't need me to bring anything?" Will didn't go out often; at least that much was apparent.

"I am sure." Hannibal gave him a small reassuring smile, a minute twitch of his lips. "Friday night at seven, please. There is no need for formalwear." But he dearly hoped that Will would have enough sense to not show up in slacks and flannel like he usually did.

"…fine," Will muttered, rubbing the back of his neck. He hesitated for a moment before nodding jerkily at him, finger tapping against his side as he walked away. "I will see you then."

No sly side glances or sensual grace this time and then he was gone, as if it was the Devil himself that was hot on his heels.

With a dark chuckle, Hannibal closed the door. Perhaps that description was not all that far from the truth and if Will knew just how close it actually was, then perhaps he would have run faster.

Not that it would help him in any way.

+

"Fuck." Will panted, a hand clutching at the sheets as he spread his legs further apart. An empty bottle of lube lay beside him, wrung out desperately of every drop.

He pressed his slick fingers into him, keening low in his throat as he sought out the sensitive bundle of nerves inside of him. His fingers were slim but not long enough to satisfy him and he huffed, frustrated beyond belief.

Will needed release, needed it more than anything right now. He had *ached* in Hannibal's presence, had wanted nothing more than to jump the man just to see if he'd lose all of his careful composure. So hard that it had hurt and he could only manage to palm his erection in his car, at least being conscious enough that if he tried anything here, he could definitely be arrested for indecent exposure and wouldn't that just be hilarious, if he ended up in Jack's office, having to explain why he had been caught masturbating while he was parked in front of Dr. Lecter's office.

But here, in the privacy of his own home, he had lost all his self-control. He had pulled off his clothes, paying no mind to the dogs following behind him until he stopped them by closing the door.

All he had in mind was getting off, hand on his cock and fingers shoved deep inside him, trying to reach, reach, reach to a place that was nearly impossible to get to. He had never bedded a Wendigo, and a Dominant at that and Will couldn't stop thinking about how it'd be.

Would Hannibal take him brutally, grip tight on his hips as he fucked into him with a desperation that Will had always longed for? Or would he be gentle, rocking into him until Will couldn't make sense of anything other than the burning stretch of Hannibal's cock, heavy against the rim of his hole?

He didn't know which option he liked the most and found that maybe, just maybe, he'd allow Hannibal the privilege of both options before he was finished with him.

No matter the pace of his strokes, thumb swiping over the head in an attempt for more stimulation or the pace of his fingers, four stretching him wide open, slick with lubricant, he wasn't *satisfied* and when he came to the thought of riding Hannibal to completion, it was an empty pleasure, leaving him even more frustrated than before.

He lay there, cum already drying on his stomach and starting to flake off, hands sticky and feeling incomplete. With a sigh, he reached for the box of tissue papers beside his bed,

wiping himself off with a frown. Impatience was dangerous and he'd give himself away if he didn't have more control over himself.

Things were finally moving along as he had known they would eventually but they were moving slow and at this rate, it'd take him months before he could get *anywhere*.

He stood up, stretching as he walked to the bathroom for a shower, knowing that he'd be back to doing the very same thing again later, searching for gratification to no avail.

Pathetic, truly pathetic.

Will didn't even know how he'd last the night for dinner at the man's house. What he did know was that as desperate as he was, Dr. Lecter was *much* more frustrated than he was. All of his deflecting, keeping everything to himself for weeks on end and not giving Hannibal even a chance to read him like he had so obviously wanted to, it had all paid off.

His mask had cracked for a second during their session, just a second.

But it had been enough.

A second too long and it was all that he had needed.

Chapter End Notes

(Sorry for such a shitty chapter, oh my God.)

I know, there's no excuse and I won't offer any. Inspiration suddenly left me for this story but bit by bit, I've been getting it back; the comments I kept getting actually made me more determined to finish this. I know more or less where I'm going with this story so hopefully future updates will not take me this long.

Come say hi to me on Tumblr :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!